UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

(Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Editor, 1880-1918)

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Superstition, Belief and Faith

By CLARENCE R. SKINNER

Can We Afford to Understand Each Other?

By ROBERT WHITAKER

The Story of My Experiments with Truth

Part IV. Chapter III

By M. K. GANDHI

Book Reviews—Many Men of Many Minds

By FREDERICK STARR

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**Owing to the exigencies of desert travel, no letter appears in this issue. A telegram from Dr. Strong in Seattle says letters are on the way.*

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOLUME C MONDAY, OCTOBER 10, 1927 NUMBER 5

GUJARAT*

Stay the relentless anger of Thy hand,
Thine awful war, O Lord, no longer wage
Against our hapless hearts and heritage,
Nor rend with ravening doom our ancient land!

Canst thou our children's agony withstand?
Or shall mute, famished, faultless lips assuage
The tumult and the terror of Thy rage,
And still the tempests of Thy dire command?

Why comest Thou thus, in such black, dread disguise?
How shall it profit Thee or how avail
To wreck the faith of our unknowing eyes?

Cease, lest the maddened creatures turn from Thee
And on the midnight of deep, wild travail
Mock Thee with mouths of bitter blasphemy.

—*Sarojini Naidu.*

*Written on the occasion of the recent great floods in India.

The recent sessions of the League of Nations at Geneva were a pretty melancholy spectacle. Friends of the League profess to see hope in what they call the revolt of the small nations. But this revolt, as a matter of fact, only served to emphasize how impossible is the present organization of the League with all power in the Council, and how completely has international business been shifted, by the very nations composing this Council, into the old channels of secret diplomacy. What excited the small nations was the disappearance of the League into the old Europe of before the war. How complete is the League's collapse, from the standpoint of everything that has been hoped from it in the way of peace, was stated by one of the delegates to this very session which has recently adjourned. In an address to the Assembly on September 26 last—an address, by the way, which was carefully deleted from the *World* and *Times* reports, and thus appeared in New York only in the *Herald Tribune* (Republican and anti-Wilson)—General Sir Granville de Laune Ryrie, Australian High Commissioner in London, said:

> I had a bit of shock when I came to this, my first meeting of the League of Nations. One of my impressions is that there is a tremendous waste of time. When I came over here my conception of the League of Nations was that it was a great world parliament to go into such questions as the peace of the world, to endeavor to do something if possible to prevent the world from getting into such a catastrophe as the great war. I say that I am disillusioned.

It is significant to note that this statement was injected into a debate, which had taken up an entire afternoon of the Assembly's time, on the momentous question of plans for a new home of the League at Geneva. The Australian delegate had the extraordinary notion in his head that the League of Nations was organized to deal with the great problem of war and the world's peace. He comes to Geneva and finds—what he finds! A body that can talk endlessly about new buildings, Armenian relief, the white slave traffic, international labor conditions, etc., but never once comes nearer to real action on the problem of war than passing a resolution now and then, like that on "aggressive war," which means nothing and was intended to mean nothing! General Ryrie, having seen things for the first time from the inside, is "disillusioned." So are other people. A few of us, be it said, were disillusioned from the beginning.

Professor Beard, in his new historical work, "The Rise of American Civilization," speaks of "the triumph of business enterprise" in the years following the Civil War. "Groups of rich and enterprising business men," he writes, "devoted to commerce, industry, and finance . . . advanced with deadly precision on the classes which derived their sustenance from agriculture." There began in the United States, in other words, that same process which had appeared so fatally in Egypt, Babylonia, Persia, and Rome—the ruin of agriculture by industry. What this is coming to mean in this country is strikingly shown by some statistics published in the *World Tomorrow* (August). Thus, the value of farm lands and buildings in America declined $20,000,000,000 between January 1, 1920 and January 1, 1926. This was a decrease of 25 per cent; values of land alone declined 31 per cent. The return upon capital invested in farming was 4.6 per cent in the year 1925-26, 4.4 per cent in 1924-25, as compared with 6.3 per cent in 1919-20. In 1923, the only year for which comparable statistics of corporations are available, the return was 11 per cent. The "labor incomes" of farmers, as defined by research economists, were $917 in 1919-20, $270 in 1921-22, $533 in 1923-24, and $648 in 1925-26. How many industrial

workers could or would live on annual incomes of this kind? In 1880, only one-fourth of the farms in the United States were operated by tenants; today, about four out of every ten farmers are tenants, and these cultivate two-thirds of the improved acreage. The 1920 census showed 31,614,269 persons living on farms; that of 1925 records 28,981,-693. This means that, in a period of only five years, over two and a half million persons left their farms and came into the cities. The old process of the ages is well under way. Agriculture, the one sure basis of enduring civilization, is steadily being destroyed by industry, finance, and the lust of empire. What wonder that Senator Borah calls to the nation to turn to domestic problems, and put its house in order! The house is tumbling, and we must act.

We have been enormously interested to note what has recently happened to Dr. Lynn Harold Hough, the eminent Methodist preacher of Detroit. Dr. Hough some weeks ago published an article in a new magazine called *Plain Talk*, suggesting in a mild sort of way that it might not be inconsistent with our ideals of democracy in this broad land, nor unsafe for the government and the liberties of the people, if a Roman Catholic were elected to the presidency. A short time after this article was published, and widely read in Detroit, an election of delegates to the Methodist General Assembly was held. Dr. Hough, among the first Methodists of the country in character, ability and high public influence, was a candidate in this election, and was most unexpectedly and emphatically defeated. A dispatch to the New York *World* intimates that there is something more than a coincidence in these two circumstances of the article and the electoral defeat. Dr. Hough was beaten and humiliated, says the news dispatch, because his views on the question of the fitness of a Catholic for the national presidency are not acceptable to his brethren. All of which goes to confirm our conviction that what the Protestant voters of this land will do to "Al" Smith if he is the candidate of the Democratic Party in the 1928 election, is something that he will remember to the end of his mortal days! We know of nothing, indeed, which more fully demonstrates the utter demoralization of the Democrats than their naive faith that the New York governor can win the presidency. For ourselves we believe that "Al" Smith has proved himself to be a great executive. His rise from the sidewalks of New York is a typical American romance. He has the priceless gift of personality. Although a "wet," his liberal ideas and policies may well rejoice the heart of any true progressive. As for his religion, what of it? It has as much place in the campaign, to our mind, as Taft's Unitarianism or Coolidge's Congregationalism—not a whit more! Yet, for all these favorable opinions of ours, we see nothing quite so certain as Smith's overwhelming defeat if the Democrats are so inept as to choose him for their candidate in the next presidential convention. Add to the normal Republican vote, the dry vote, the anti-Tammany vote, and *the anti-Catholic* vote as forecast in Dr. Hough's experience, and what have you?

The cynicism of the American people in contemplating the two old parties is only equalled by the philosophic calm with which they appear to be attempting to put up with them. Our political estate is sad, and will continue sad so long as our political life is dominated by these two equally moribund and equally banal institutions. But attempts to break their power and release their grip have so far proved futile. So, to nullify so far as possible their banalities, the public has seemed to drift into a program of matching one against the other in a blundering stalemate. Discerning observers believe they have discovered universal collusion between these two forces of prey: they are deliberately dividing between them the spoils of their forays upon the public weal. Probably this is a correct analysis up to a point, but, probably also, it gives too much credit to the cunning of the organizations. They may not lack the will, but they probably are not so capable as this accounting would imply. Certainly a peculiar and interesting division of power and its subsequent spoils is taking place. In his recent *Harper's* article, Walter Lippman points out the widespread control which the Democratic party holds over state and local political machinery, at the same time that the Republican party is so deeply entrenched in the federal government. He states that there are now Democratic governors presiding over states whose electoral votes are in a majority in the federal electoral college. New Jersey held a special election in September to pass upon five proposed constitutional amendments. One had the support of both parties as well as all progressive civic organizations. The other four were projected by the Republican legislature, and were opposed by the Democratic governor and his following. The four were overwhelmingly defeated. There is no good reason to believe that they were considered on their merits. The electorate which had installed the Republican legislature and the Democratic Governor simply let the two continue to cut each other's throats. The same farce is being enacted in New York State. If one must tolerate crooks, set them to cutting each other's throats. It is not an ideal program. But it beats having one's own throat cut by the both of them.

As deep a pathos as may well be imagined is that of the Smith household in Cleveland. The mother followed the modern custom of resorting to the maternity hospital for the birth of her child. The first report which reached her gave her to understand that she had given birth to a son. It was some time later that it was discovered that the hospital records were in error, and that the babe she had been nursing was a girl. The mother was much inclined to disown the child. It was believed that her child had been confused with that of another mother in the same ward. The hospital authorities have acknowledged their error and affirmed that the girl baby is undoubtedly Mrs. Smith's. The courts have been greatly embarrassed to have the decision forced upon them. No Solomon appeared among the Cleveland jurists conclusively to settle the case. Eminent physicians declined to attempt absolutely conclusive proofs of the child's authenticity. The courts tardily rendered a verdict, and the young mother has sorrowfully accepted the charge, agreeing to nurture the babe assigned her in her home, but with abiding doubt of her genuineness. Here is lifelong tragedy, if the mother's sentiments cannot be altered. The tragedy will run through the life of the baby, the girl, the young woman, the old woman. The nurse who made the original mistake is doubtless very sorry, indeed. The hospital authorities are all apologies and regrets. The young mother is loyal to a human and social duty which has been thrust upon her. But the joys of motherhood are tragically blighted. And possibly, indeed probably, the deepest sorrows of all will be carved into the innocent young life which chances to be the victim of the blunder. It is terrible to be an unwanted child. The fate of this particular child is doubly tragic. She may come to learn that she is being nurtured out of a stern sense of duty by her own mother in a home where she is esteemed a usurper. The woes of social progress thus often fall upon innocent individuals. It doubtless remains true that a maternity ward of a public hospital is on the whole, a safer place in which to be born than the old-fashioned home. But we pay the price. At least this one poor innocent does.

For once we find ourselves in agreement with Dr. John Roach Straton. "The whole theory of theological training is now fundamentally erroneous," he declares. If this is Fundamentalism, we feel ourselves slipping that way. Not all of Dr. Straton's declaration is so easy to swallow, but we still agree when he adds, "We put them (theological students) in a cold scholastic atmosphere where they pour over books and the bones of theology." His cure, however, is not the one which we shall find it possible to applaud. He proposes to have the students "live amid the warm enthusiasm" of his own church in an "out and out orthodox school, teaching the fundamental truths of the Bible." This looks as though the cure were worse than the disease. The atmosphere thus created may be superheated with enthusiasm, but it is well not to be enthusiastic about some things. We can scarcely imagine any fate more banal, and more inimical to spiritual sincerity, which is the essence of real spiritual power, than for an open-minded, healthy young man to be immersed in the intellectual atmosphere which militant Fundamentalism creates. Perhaps he had better be bundled off to the old-fashioned theological seminary, after all. We scarcely thought we should ever be moved to the conclusion that any fate could we worse than this, but it seems that there are worse, after all. If one *must* take Fundamentalism, by all means let one take it mildly, soothingly, in a cloister. Presumably young women are also to be admitted to the benignant scholastic atmosphere created at the renewed Calvary Baptist Church in New York. Will not the perennially youthful Uldine Utley be installed as the dean of women? It seems likely. Dr. Straton announces that she is again to conduct an evangelistic campaign, and the church approves. There is a rare young woman! She appears conclusively to have achieved that to which every spinster of uncertain years is traditionally reputed to aspire, namely, eternal youth. How many years is it now, that she has been the 15-year-old-female-evangelistic wonder? One who can achieve such perennial youthfulness certainly has a message in this age of paint and powder and other desperate devices for the preservation of glowing teenhood.

Superstition, Belief and Faith

I. Introduction.

A lack of clear definition and of common understanding is always a handicap to progress in any field of human adventure. Of course interpretation is not so important as fact, and we should never allow the chief emphasis to shift from life to its explanation. Substance is of greater weight than learned exegesis "about it and about." Life can be lived, art may be enjoyed, and religion may be ex-

perienced, without a logical definition. Better to have a loaf of bread on the table than a chemical formula, and better to feel the beauty of Keats' Ode than to be able to parse or analyze it.

But after due credit is given to the paramount importance of life and experience, we must put in a claim for the importance of clear thinking and of right understanding. There should be no conflict between living life to its fullest and understanding life. Definitions are not substitutes for realities, they are illuminations. They make it possible for us to lay hold of the forces of the universe and to reduce them to law and thus make them more available for use. Understanding physics and chemistry has not prevented their use, it has increased it. Science could make progress when it united upon a universally recognized definition of terms.

In the field of religion we have suffered greatly from a lack of standardized definition, and consequently the widest possible variety of meanings has been given to many of the fundamental facts of religious experience. The word God will sufficiently illustrate this point. It is used to mean anything and everything from an anthropomorphic deity on the one side, to such vague ideas as "life force" and "vital urge" on the other. The result is two-fold. First, many of the bitter misunderstandings and theological intolerances arise because one group of people is reading one meaning into a word, and another group putting a wholly different content into the term. Their minds never meet on a common ground. And in the second place many people who may have genuinely religious inclinations, are led to abandon them or to become ashamed of them, because they associate with religion certain distasteful and narrow association of ideas.

It is time to rescue religion from some of its outworn definitions. We can save many of the realities by expressing them in terms which are more acceptable to the modern man.

The confusion of understanding which exists in nearly all theological discussion exists in an accentuated degree when it comes to the subject of faith. Here is one of the great facts, not only of religion, but of all life, so completely ensnared in a mesh of false associations that we are in danger of losing that respect for it, which it unquestionably merits. And the appeal to faith, which is one of the great needs of this or of any other generation, becomes so confused that it loses its force and direction.

I find faith is sometimes confused with superstition, as in the expression "he accepts it on blind faith." In many minds faith seems to be synonymous with surrendering one's intelligence and believing something simply because it has always been believed. In this sense, faith is put in opposition to reason and sometimes, as in the case of the famous utterance of the scholastic, we are urged to believe a dogma "because it is absurd."

There can be but one result of this understanding of faith among intelligent men of the twentieth century, namely, faith will be ridiculed and scorned. Faith, in this sense, will go the way of other superstitions, and be relegated to the graveyard with other theological bones.

In the second place, faith is frequently identified with a particular form of sectarian belief or creed, as in the expression, "he holds the Catholic, Unitarian, or Episcopalian faith." This is perhaps an inevitable result of the sectarian era through which we have been passing, when nearly all virtue has been claimed for and by each section of the church universal. In this sense there are various forms of faith set in opposition to each other as if Unitarian faith were something totally different from the faith of an Episcopal or Congregationalist, and understood in this way, it becomes something exclusive.

The result of this understanding of the term is that in a growing number of minds faith is synonymous with theological speculation and is therefore not tremendously vital. The various sectarian systems may be interesting, and at a certain stage of development they may seem important to certain types of people; but the rank and file do not feel great interest in them. If faith becomes identified in the public mind with sectarian claims and theological differences, it simply means that faith will be gradually relegated to the realm of indifference.

Lastly, we sometimes hear faith spoken of as if it were a staking of one's life upon a vital issue, or of adventuring one's entire resources upon the success of a cause. In this sense we might say "he could not be moved by threat of imprisonment or death, so great was his faith in the ultimate victory of peace or justice." In this definition faith becomes identified with something enormously vital. It is a quality of character, a motive to action, a force which lifts man to heights of achievements. In this sense, faith will have its place with this generation and with all generations.

It is with the hope of clearing up this confusion, and thus helping to rescue faith from the associations which threaten it, that I shall attempt to define and illustrate the three terms—superstition, belief, and faith.

CLARENCE R. SKINNER.

Jottings

H. L. Mencken has a program for world peace.

Let the United States (he says), which is now richer and stronger than any other nation, and perhaps richer and stronger than all of them put together, prepare such vast and horrible armaments that they are irresistible. Then let it launch them against France, or some other such chronic trouble-maker and proceed to give the victim a sound beating. And then let it announce quietly that war is adjourned and that the next nation that prepares for it will get another and worse dose of the same medicine.

President Coolidge, addressing the U. S. Naval Academy, on June 3 last, said:

I am not unfamiliar with the claim that if only we had a sufficient military establishment no one would ever molest us. I know of no nation in history that has ever been able to attain that position. I see no reason to expect that we could be the exception.

Though we be slain for it, we rise to say that we believe in this instance that President Coolidge is a wiser man than Mr. Mencken.

It was good to hear the American Legion men in Paris acclaiming peace. For all the fine sentiments, however, that Legion convention did more to reanimate the sham sentimentalities and mock heroics of war than any other thing that has happened in a twelve-month.

Our co-editor, the Indian poet, Rabindranath Tagore, spent the summer months on a tour of the far eastern islands. "This tour," it is announced, "was intended to revive the old cultural link between India and those places." Tagore visited on this mission, Malaya, Java, Bali, Siam, and French Indo-China.

The Chicago *Daily News* declares that Harold Bell Wright is our foremost American novelist and Edgar A. Guest our foremost poet. On this basis, obviously, Frank Crane is our foremost American philosopher, Harold Lloyd our foremost actor, Irving Berlin our foremost musician, "Bud" Fisher our foremost artist, "Billy" Sunday our foremost preacher, and 'Gene Tunney our foremost citizen. We are a great people, if this be the truth about us.

Summer adventurers in aviation have proved the folly of all confident anticipation of the speedy coming of a new method of transit through the air. Lindbergh, Chamberlain, Byrd, and a few others succeeded magnificently, but under conditions which demonstrated the desperate hazard of their undertaking. The very madness of the acclaim showered upon these victors was an unconscious recognition of this hazard. And over against these successes are to be set the tragic failures, as in the Dole flights to Hawaii, the last Atlantic flights, and the promised attempts which were never made. Aviation as anything more than a thrilling exploit, is a long way off. Ships will still be the accepted mode of transportation across the Atlantic for generations to come.

Enthusiastic automobilists are still trying to prove that an auto can successfully dispute the right of way with a locomotive. Careful newspaper reading, this past summer, seemed to suggest that this particular endeavor is one of our great American pastimes. Up to date, the locomotive is having the best of it. J. H. H.

Will the Sun Ever Shine?

Smoke,
Clouds of black, black smoke.

Night comes and goes
With the shifting smoke,
As I lie on my prison bed—
Imprisoned by pain.

Hope goes and comes
As the black clouds pulse
Close over my square of sky—
Impelled by wind.

Without, I am told,
There are dungeon streets,
Where the fog and smoke settle down—
Imprisoned by stone.

Smoke,
Clouds of black, black smoke.

Fear comes and goes
In the hearts of men
Who fight for the rights of man—
Imprisoned by greed.

Hope goes and comes
As the clouds of power
Float back and forth o'er the sky—
Impelled by lust.

In the mines, I am told,
Are pale, wan men
Held down by their brother men—
Imprisoned by wealth.

Smoke,
Clouds of black, black smoke.

Will the sun ever shine
In a fair, blue sky
With a clear and sparkling ray—
Undimmed by smoke?

Will man ever stand
By his brother man,
Fearless and happy and free—
Not shackled by power?

High, high in the heavens
Will the Spring sun shine;
Far off tho the day
Man upright will stand—
Released by love.

Light,
Floods of pure, white light.

B. W. Stillman.

For Unity.

Can We Afford to Understand Each Other?

It is the month of May, 1927. The Baptists are meeting in Chicago. The assembly is not that of the Chicago Baptist Association, a local body, but the annual meeting of the Northern Baptist Convention, inclusive of millions of Baptists from ocean to ocean, north of Mason and Dixon's line. There are thousands of delegates in attendance. The Annual Banquet brings together a greater number of guests than were ever served at one time and one place in the great city. But the meetings are "tame." There is nothing to report. And that because something has happened which cannot be told without more explanation than the daily press can give, or even the liberal magazines will take the trouble to understand. Yet had it happened in the field of sports, or of politics, or of international relations, the dramatic quality and the social significance of it would have provoked world wide comment.

Fundamentalism has had its citadel among the Baptists. The "Big Four," who need not be named here, apart from William Jennings Bryan perhaps the foremost Fundamentalists in America for newspaper prominence at least and factional militance, are all Baptists. Fosdick, who all but rent the Presbyterian household asunder because he preached in a Presbyterian pulpit, is a Baptist, and forced back into his own fold has insisted upon a measure of ritualistic freedom there which could be overlooked or outlawed in lesser men, but cannot be ignored, or summarily suppressed in him. So the issue is drawn, and at Seattle, in the summer of 1925, when the Northern Baptist Convention meets there, thousands of miles away from the "effete East," it is hoped to put Baptists of the North definitely and decisively on record that no such latitudinarianism is to be allowed.

The outstanding Baptist pulpiteer of the Pacific Coast is a Los Angeles minister who is about as far removed from the Fosdick type as can be well conceived. He is a Fundamentalist, but a "go-getter" more than a thinker of any school. His sermon at Seattle is the event of the Convention. The text will not be found either in the Bible, or Emerson. It is Billy Sunday's version of the Gospel, with Billy's vulgarity and virulence eliminated. "Play Ball!" The text tells the story. "Quit your ragging, and play ball!" The Fundamentalists are floored. Here is their own champion of the doughty West who cares more for evangelism and missions and denominational fellowship than he does for a fight to put over his own brand of orthodoxy. Yet he insists upon that orthodoxy so openly and so vigorously that he carries his crowd with him. The Modernists are strategists. They are not there to win, they are there to go on, and let the truth take care of itself. Their tactic is the tactic Abraham Lincoln wanted to follow with slavery. "If we stay together we can trust the new order to work its own conquest of the old order." Had the South listened to Lincoln, and insisted upon "playing ball," Lincoln's biography would have been spoiled no doubt, for there would have been no war, and no hero stuff to talk about, but slavery might have passed with hardly any place on the front page at all.

Anyway at Seattle the denominational leaders saw their opportunity, seized upon the strategic sermon, and persuaded the Los Angeles church to release their minister for six months and let him repeat the sermon all over the Northern States. Then at Washington, D. C., the next year the preacher was made President of the Northern Baptist Convention, and another Fundamentalist, one of the "Big Four," moved with the mood of the hour, makes another great address forsaking Fundamentalist factionalism publicly for a common crusade of "evangelism." And so at Chicago, this year, there is a great "love-feast," the "dividers" are quietly shoved to one side or overwhelmed with the floods of good feeling, there is no news the papers care about, and even John Haynes Holmes, who has heard only the incidentals of the affair, laughs satirically that a great denomination can take such an issue seriously, but quite misses one of the most strategic victories for American modernism that has happened in this generation. It is so much easier for us to see each other's absurdities, than it is to see beyond the absurdities the big things that are working through incidentals the reshaping of men's minds.

On the way home from the great meeting at Chicago one of the ministers who had been foremost there, a Fundamentalist, returns to his home town in the South. Six months earlier, or less, he had been called to Los Angeles, to follow there the very man who had preached the "Play Ball" sermon, as pastor of the largest and most influential Baptist Church west of the Rocky Mountains. His opening months in Los Angeles had been very prosperous. But the church which he had left in the South had not been able to agree upon his successor. The College which he had founded there, and which is named for him, was without a President. The Mississippi floods have come and have devastated the state, and the Baptist cause has suffered heavily. He confronts the calamitous situation, and is urged to return and take the leadership again. But he likes Los Angeles. The climate suits him and his family better than the climate of the South. His salary in Los Angeles is many thousands of dollars larger. He has great plans for his work in the metropolis of the Pacific Coast, which has just begun. Yet he knows that Los Angeles can get a successor to him much easier than can his old church in the South find a man to save the ship in this time of crisis. So he goes back to Los Angeles and persuades his surprised and discomfited congregation there to release him that he may return to his unfinished work in the southern city.

Nothing of this drama gets into the daily papers. It isn't "news," as it would have been had he been involved in a sex scandal or a church row. The papers merely mention that he has resigned to return to the South. And one of the finest radicals in Los Angeles reads the items, chuckles over it as a sign of the "revolt against religion," and writes with facetious pungency to a paper which he is

helping to edit about this minister's *defeat* in Los Angeles, and his *retreat* to the South. Incidentally the man is held up to public criticism and contempt as one of the "twelve thousand dollar" pulpiteers, and nothing is said because nothing is known of the fact that he is going back to accept both a church and a college presidency no one else wants just now for two-thirds of the figure he is paid in his present comfortable berth.

Now I am not defending him, or eulogizing him. The fact is I do not like him. On the only occasion on which I have heard him he seemed to me quite hopeless intellectually, and temperamentally of the "pious" sort, peculiarly distasteful to me. I confess that I read the criticism of him, before I had the facts myself, with a little inward satisfaction of which I am not at all proud now. It would have been so much more comfortable had I never understood the really fine thing he is doing, at least it seemed so before I did understand. There is no chance to laugh at him now, or feel superior to him. I have to take off my hat to him, even though his preaching isn't my kind. What a lot of fun and self complacency understanding spoils!

Isn't there an old saying, in some foreign lingo, of course, to the effect that "to know all is to forgive all?" But can we afford to forgive what is so contrary to our likings and convictions? What becomes of our righteous militancy if we understand the other fellow so well that we cannot maintain our contempt for him? How are we going to do any real fighting if we have to be fair to those who are on the other side?

No, I am not asking this question lightly, or satirically. Neither am I championing the "good-will" stuff which is so much in vogue just now in certain comfortable circles. I think that on the whole I am more afraid of this self-complacent mushiness of our day than I am of a little hard and even unjust hitting. It will do the Baptists no harm to have UNITY laugh at the absurd importance some of them attach to ritualistic regularity. Perhaps if UNITY really knew what they are about it would take them too seriously, and so feed their pride of numbers and importance. And "Twelve Thousand Dollar" preachers need to be satirized in the public press, even if they do sometimes abandon their comfort and competence for a forlorn hope at a lesser wage. If radicals really knew the truth about church folks how would we ever get such needed castigations of discreditable evangelism as "Elmer Gantry?" We get so much more credit than we deserve from our friends that we ought not to complain if we get less than we deserve from our enemies. And it is an open question whether misunderstandings are not a necessary part of our discipline. But the real question that concerns me here is how much of sympathetic understanding of each other we could carry off and keep up the needed militance against other folks' follies and the "outrages" that we have to withstand with some vehemence in order to make any headway against them.

Yet I have the feeling that it is possible to keep an open mind and a generous heart toward other folks, all kinds of other folks, even nice, respectable conservatives, the most aggravating "other folks" I know, and be outright for one's own convictions still, and uncompromising on behalf of the better way. A scientific mind is not necessarily neutral.

ROBERT WHITAKER.

Good and Evil*

"Be not overcome of evil but overcome evil with good." What does this mean? "Recompense to no man evil for evil; avenge not yourselves. If thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him to drink."

What is evil? One aspect that concerns most of us is this: evil is materialism, evil is to prefer material things to spiritual things. It is to believe in material things rather than spiritual things, to fear material things rather than spiritual things. It is that wrong relation by which matter becomes master of the spirit instead of the spirit master of all material things. Christ taught us this when he said, "Fear not him that hath power to kill the body." He does not, you see, leave out the body and say you must not care about that at all; but he does say, "You are not to be afraid of those who only can kill the body." He not only said this but he lived it. No man in the history of the human race so completely demonstrated in his life the truth of what he taught. He was not afraid of them that killed the body; he was not afraid of anything at all that people who use material force can do. He took the manifestation of force—the power by which they killed his body—and made of it the victory of the spirit. He chose to die. I do not think anyone who follows Christ's life from the beginning to the end can doubt that he chose to die. He went where he knew he would be killed, for he was going to prove to us that force, material force, can achieve nothing at all.

Force indeed appeared to be triumphant. In spite of the devotion of his followers, in spite of his reputation throughout Palestine, in spite of the reverence in which people held him, they succeeded in detaching him from his friends, they succeeded in putting him to death, they tortured him and led him outside the city walls to perish. He died an outcast. Men may die inside the walls of Jerusalem, but men may not be killed there by process of justice, because a convict is an unclean person and must be taken outside the walls to be crucified.

> There is a green hill far away
> Outside a city wall.

When we sing these touching lines we do not always realize that they mean, not only that Christ was crucified, but that he was cast out. He died outside the Holy City because he was not fit to die inside it!

This calamitous use of force seemed to be the denial of all our Lord had labored to achieve. He had believed in love and the response was hatred. He had believed in the spirit and the response was physical violence. As he hung on the cross there was hardly a face among the crowds that looked on that was not convulsed with hatred. That was what he had evoked by his appeal to love! If you appeal to love and people

*An address delivered at the Guildhouse, London, England, on Sunday, June 5th, 1927.

tell you it will not work, you will feel as Christ did, who also appealed to love and evoked apparently a passionate hatred in those to whom he had appealed: so that in the end he feared that he had altogether failed. And yet, on the Cross, he persisted in his belief in Love. I think it was for that reason, if one dares to offer a reason for a thing so mysterious, that Christ said, "My God, why hast thou forsaken me?" For he had believed that God was love, and to believe that is to believe in the triumph of love. When, therefore, he had refused to use any other method or weapon than love, and the answer was a murderous hate, it seemed to him that the power in the universe in which he had believed was not there. God had forsaken him.

In that supreme moment Christ was called upon to choose between God and love: he chose love. He rather worshipped a love that was not God than a God who was not love. St. John says to us, "God is love," but Christ says, "Love is God," and it is a far more difficult thing to believe. When he had chosen (as on the Cross he did) between Love and God and had preferred Love, he had passed through death to life and saw that Love and God were the same. After the cry of dereliction came the word of assurance and peace, "Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit."

Force had done all it could and it had failed, for the spirit of Christ was more powerful on the Cross than before. He went from strength to strength when force had done its worst. His victory began with his own disciples whom nothing else in the world had really converted. They were, in this sense, "converted" on Whit Sunday. When the Lord had risen from the grave and seen them and spoken to them and proved to them that death could have no dominion over him, he left them, in bodily form, and the Holy Spirit seized and shook them with the same conviction that spirit is greater than physical force and love is stronger than death. When those men believed that, they were filled with the Holy Spirit and people thought that they were drunk—as people have often thought since!

Do you believe it? Do you believe that Love is God? With my mind I believe it. I want desperately to believe it altogether; but it means much more than we realize and to believe is terribly hard. It means not only that love is the most beautiful thing in the world: it means that love is the strongest thing in the world. Do we believe that? When we sing or say "our trust is in God," do we really mean that our trust is in love? When we call upon God to help us, are we really calling upon love to help us, or are we still materialists?

To some extent we are—to a very large extent. But yet the triumph of Christ did not end with his disciples or it would have been a failure after all; he is gradually converting the world. Everywhere slowly, terribly slowly, but yet surely, belief in material force has gradually receded.

Think of the things we used to believe we could do by knocking men's bodies about! Religious persecution is based on that. People really believed in it. A man like Torquemada would have suffered martyrdom himself just as gladly as any of the people he tortured to death. He believed that he *could* save their souls by torturing their bodies. He honestly believed that you could convince a man of the truth of the Christian religion if you hurt him enough. There are very few people who believe that now. So with our punishment of offenders. Everybody used to believe —some people do still believe—that you can make a man good by hurting him. Our whole penal code was based on that idea. It was not reformatory, nor was it merely deterrent. It was a naked belief in material force—belief that you can actually change a man's spirit for the better by tormenting his body. Very few people believe that now.

The same view prevailed in education. We had it in the familiar saying, "Spare the rod and spoil the child." You could, it was thought, make a child good, draw out his best qualities, "educate" him by hitting him. It seems a curious idea. There are still a few peope who believe it, but they are diminishing every day because all these things have proved to be a failure.

The effect of religious persecution has been summed up by the common experience of mankind in a proverb, "the blood of the Martyrs is the seed of the Church." There is a damning indictment of material force! We cannot, after all, we find, make people believe a thing by hurting them! Our penal code is changing, even swiftly changing, in character. A great many more people are condemned to death for murder to-day than are executed. No actual physical torture exists in a great many prisons, very little in any. The use of the scourge and the "cat" are disappearing. They used to be extraordinarily common. It is well to remember that even the one real form of torture still common in our prisons—solitary confinement —was actually invented out of kindness! The prison reformer who first persuaded the authorities to try solitary confinement did so because he had been horrified at what the prisoners suffered from being huddled together. Solitary confinement is a form of torture but it was not intended as such and, when people realize that it is such, they will get rid of it, because we realize now that it cannot make men good. In education physical violence has almost entirely disappeared. The tide of materialism recedes, although so slowly, and Christ is triumphant. He knew that love was the only power in the world by which we can achieve anything; and he is convincing us by degrees.

And yet there remains, respected and honored, the naked appeal to force in war, and people still defend it. Is it not time that, as we have abandoned the belief that we can convert men to our religion by hurting their bodies, as we have made it illegal to rack or torment the bodies of men and women in prison in the hope of making them better citizens—so we should now abolish war? In a sense, it is true, we cannot "abolish" wickedness, but we can put it outside our social institutions: we can register the fact that we have got to a point at which we perceive that we can achieve nothing that is worth achieving by putting nations to the torture, any more than we can make a man good by putting his body to torture. Wars have taken place in all nations and in all ages, and it is time we began to realize that they have achieved nothing of enduring worth. It is time because we have now come to the greatest test of war as an instrument for good that the world has ever seen. The heroic institution of war (for it is heroic) has been tried out on a scale greater than ever before. It has been tried out with a degree of heroism and self-sacrifice for which no words are great enough. And,

having been tried out on this scale and with this heroism, it has achieved nothing. We held back nothing, did we?—we did not stop until we had won: and we have got nothing. In a moment I shall show you that we have got worse than nothing.

Let us try to recall for a moment what we thought we were going to win. Security? Well, we got rid of Germany as a military menace. Is it to achieve anything to get rid of Germany yet to have France and Italy and Russia armed as they are? France is now probably the greatest military nation in the world; Italy is seeking to rival her. Germany sought "a place in the sun," and now we have Italy seeking to "darken the face of the sun with the wings of her aeroplanes. Russia has become a menace to the world. Our old allies become a cause of fear. Nations from whom before we had nothing to fear are now arming. The 400,000,000 Chinese, a people who formerly took no interest in nations outside their empire, are learning the methods of modern war. The United States of America, once content with an army and a navy that were negligible from the point of view of military domination, the 110,000,000 of the United States with their inexhaustible wealth, are now preparing for war. "Preparedness"—that is their slogan now. What have we gained of security? We thought that when we had broken that great power of Germany we might at last disarm, but we are armed a hundred times more than before; and so is everybody else. Instead of greater security, we have greater fear. Why, you here in this hall were not half so much afraid of war before 1914 as you are now! Most English people did not seriously believe in the possibility of a European war. Are we better off, we whose armies were to come back from the trenches to a better world? We are worse off and no man can deny it. All the problems we were going to solve are with us still in aggravated form. We never had a general strike in this country before the war, nor had we a strike in our most essential industry so long drawn out or so disastrous as we have had since the war. The feeling of brotherhood and love is less instead of greater. Will anyone give me an instance of one single thing that we have gained by the greatest exercise of force on the greatest scale and with the greatest heroism that has ever been shown to the world?

Yes, one good thing has come out of it; a profound disbelief in the efficacy of war at all. Belief in material force, at least for some of us, has received a shock from which God grant it may never recover. All those serried ranks of soldiers, all those ships and guns, gas and high explosives, were for nothing. To what purpose do we groan and sweat under the burden of armaments which, when we use them, give us nothing? *Is* it not time that we abolished war?

We are not incapable of learning from experience. We abolished duelling; we abolished "ordeal by battle." A man who was accused of some offense used, in past years, to fight the man who accused him—or if it was a woman she appointed someone to be her champion—and people prayed that justice might prevail. I suppose sometimes the consciousness of guilt on one side, of right on the other, did make the weaker prevail against the stronger, just as it may happen in war that an intense consciousness of right may save a nation. But we cannot count securely upon that. It was found that we could not count on it enough. It came to this, that generally speaking the stronger man won. The duel was fought in order that justice might be done and justice was not done; and, as humanity is capable of learning, the ordeal by battle was abandoned at last. A finer sense of justice brought people to decide that, since they could not cause justice to prevail by the use of force, they must try the only other method there is, and bring each case before an impartial judge for decision. It was not because they had a less high sense of honor but because they had a more high sense of honor that men were willing to forego the advantage of personal strength or skill with the sword or the pistol, and bring their quarrels before a Court of Law.

Is it not time that we did the same with war? What justice, what cruelty was inflicted by the duelling system compared with the injustice and the cruelty of war? If war is useless, to what purpose do we put nations to the torture? If it achieves nothing, cannot we decide to do without it? What alternative is there but the one of bringing all quarrels before an impartial judge—as nearly impartial as human justice can provide? No one asks you to be overcome of evil but to *overcome evil with good.* To go on saying that war promotes justice is to say a thing that history has proved to be a lie. The first thing that happens when war breaks out is that the truth cannot be spoken any more. How are you going to be just if you cannot either hear or speak the truth? Lies become a necessity; to hate and to kill become patriotic! How can justice then be done? If you hesitate to judge your own cause because you cannot trust yourself to judge in such a cause, how will you trust a nation to judge who, by the very conditions of war, is prevented from hearing the truth and fed with every kind of lie? Year after year some propaganda-lie is exposed in the press, on the platform, or in Parliament. Quite lately we learned that the story of the "corpse factory" in Germany was a lie. It is proved to be a lie, it is admitted to be so; but it was patriotic to believe it when the war was on! How can we be just when the truth may not be heard? Nay, how can we be just when we are suffering as we suffered in the war? Shall we put justice to the proof in circumstances that make it humanly speaking *impossible* to be just? We go to war desiring, we say, nothing but justice; but after a time our best loved are killed, or our country suffers invasion, women are violated and children spitted on bayonets. At the end of that, do we desire nothing but justice? We must have something to repay us for all we have suffered! We make Justice—sheer Justice—impossible, in war.

How shall we make it possible? Can we not believe that it is possible to overcome evil with good? That is the real meaning of Whit Sunday—to be able to believe that. To be able to believe it so that we want to try no other method. Let us deal with nations as with friends. Let us try to do justice in the only way in which justice can be done.

Be not overcome of evil but overcome evil with good. Therefore if thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink.

Maude Royden.

The Guildhouse Monthly

The Story of My Experiments with Truth

[The Autobiography of Mahatma Gandhi]

(Copyrighted, 1927)

PART IV—CHAPTER III

Pocketed the Insult

I smarted under the insult, but as I had pocketed many such in the past I had been inured to them. I therefore decided to forget the latest one and take what course a dispassionate view of the case might suggest.

We had a letter from the Chief of the Asiatic Department to the effect, that as I had seen Mr. Chamberlain in Durban, it had been found necessary to omit my name from the deputation that was to wait on him.

The letter was more than my co-workers could bear. They proposed to drop the idea of the deputation altogether. I pointed out to them the awkward situation of the community. "If you do not represent your case before Mr. Chamberlain," said I, "it will be presumed that you have no case at all. After all, the representation has to be made in writing and we have got it ready. It does not matter in the least whether I read it or some one else reads it. Mr. Chamberlain is not going to argue the matter with us. I am afraid we must swallow the insult."

I had scarcely finished speaking, when Tyeb Sheth cried out, "Does not an insult to you amount to an insult to the community? How can we forget that you are our representative?"

"Too true," said I. "But even the community will have to pocket insults like these. Have we any alternative?"

"Come what might, why should we court a fresh insult? Nothing worse can possibly happen to us. Have we any rights to lose?" asked Tyeb Sheth.

I liked the spirited reply, but I also knew that the spirit was of no avail. I was fully conscious of the limitations of the community. I pacified my friends and advised them to have, in my place, Mr. George Godfrey, an Indian barrister.

So Mr. Godfrey led the deputation. Mr. Chamberlain referred in his reply, to my exclusion. "Rather than hear the same representative over and over again, is it not better to have some one new?" he said, and tried to heal the wound.

But all this, far from ending the matter, added to the work of the community, and also to mine. We had to start afresh. "It is at your instance that the community helped in the War, and you see the result now," were the words with which some people taunted me. But the taunt had no effect on me. "I do not regret my advice," said I. "I maintain that we did well in taking part in the War. In doing so we simply did our duty. We may not look forward to reaping the reward of our labors, but it is my firm conviction that all good action is bound to bear fruit in the end. Let us forget the past and think of the task before us." With which the rest chimed in.

I added: "To tell you the truth, the work that you had called me for is practically finished. But I believe I may not leave the Transvaal, so far as it is possible, even if you permit me to return home. Instead of carrying on my work from Natal, as before, I must do so now from here. I must no longer think of returning to India within a year, and must get enrolled in the Transvaal Supreme Court. I have confidence enough to deal with this new department. If we do not do so, the community will be hounded out of the country, besides being thoroughly robbed. Every day it will have fresh insults heaped upon it. The fact that Mr. Chamberlain refused to see me and that the official insulted me is nothing before the humiliation of the whole community. It is impossible to put up with the veritable dog's life that we are expected to lead."

So I set the ball rolling, discussed things with Indians in Pretoria and Johannesburg, and ultimately decided to set up office in Johannesburg.

It was indeed doubtful whether I would be enrolled in the Transvaal Supreme Court. But the Law Society did not oppose my application, and the Court allowed it. Now it was difficult for an Indian to secure rooms for office in a suitable locality. But I had come in fairly close contact with Mr. Ritch who was then one of the merchants there. Through the good offices of a house agent known to him, I succeeded in securing good rooms for my office in the legal quarters of the city, and I started on my professional work.

M. K. GANDHI.

(Translated from Navajivan by Mahadeo Desai.)

Prayer

Who would pray, let him then
Make his prayer the sheathe of the sword,
And not the sword. Let him then
Make his prayer the goblet to contain the wine,
Yet not the wine. Let him then
Make his prayer a casket of alabaster
In which to keep the jewel, not the jewel.
Prayer is the vessel of God
To contain its dealing. It is not
A cajoling power. Prayer then
Is the linen upon the altar and the goblet
Upon the linen, not the altar.
Prayer then is the living sacrifice
Before it is slain, not the burnt offering.
Prayer is a declaration of life,
Not an acclamation of death.
Prayer is joy, not sorrow. It is
The blood of laughter, not of tears.
Prayer is the raiment of sorrow;
It is the pillow of joy. It is
The pedestal of exultation. It is
The intoxication of consciousness of the kinship,
Else it is not prayer.

—*Patience Worth.*

Religion.

The Study Table

Many Men of Many Minds

Notwithstanding the fact that thousands of students in our high schools every year study Spanish, we rarely find anyone who is reading Spanish books either for pleasure or practice. One would expect that such books would be in demand, especially as our interests, both of trade and politics, are closely concerned with the Latin-American republics. In these days, when Cuba, Santo Domingo, Mexico and Nicaragua are constantly brought to our attention, it would seem as if everyone who has studied Spanish would be reading books in Spanish by authors of those lands. It is important, for example, that we should know Mexican affairs, not only from the point of view of Americans —often superficially or illy informed—but also from that of Mexican authors. There is no dearth of Mexican writing about these matters, and as partisanship is strong in Mexico all questions of importance are discussed from both sides. However, neither side is likely to accord with American ideas on the subject and a reading of either or both would help us to an understanding and prevent serious blunders. These observations are suggested by the reading of a new History of Mexico by the well known Mexican author, Alfonso Toro[1]. It is a textbook for higher schools. It is written from the Liberal point of view and covers the entire range from pre-Conquest times to the present. Three volumes have appeared: "Ancient History" (to the Spanish Conquest), "The Spanish Domination" (1519-1810), and "The Independence Revolution and Independent Mexico" (1810-1877, when Porfirio Diaz came to power). Any one of the volumes may be read independently. The first is a well written and readable account of Aztec and Maya cultures and history. The other two volumes cover their field well and deal more with principles and tendencies than with battles and dates. The style is good; the language is direct and clear. The work is admirably suited to the practice-reading which we have suggested above. The reading of the work will throw a flood of light upon the present situation in our neighboring republic. Many illustrations (not always of the best quality) add to the interest of the text. Presumably additional volumes will bring the narrative from 1877 to the present time.

I confess to keen disappointment in Krishnamurti's "The Kingdom of Happiness."[2] The fault must be my own. Mrs. Besant, in a brief prefatory note, assures us that the conditions under which the talks here published were given were "the most favorable possible for the presence of the World Teacher's influence. Krishnaji was surrounded by a small group of eager students, believing in his inspiration and joyously welcoming the presence of the Lord." The book consists of a series of talks given to friends at the Castle of Eerde, Ommen, Holland. Mrs. Besant says that "readers will recognize the depth of wisdom, the striking originality, the exquisite diction of this really wonderful book." To me, approaching the book with the best will in the world, none of these qualities seem present. Some allowance must be made for the fact that the world teacher was speaking in a language after all foreign to him to a group to whom the language was also foreign. The impression made on me is one of weakness and uncertainty. The book sounds like the repetition of commonplaces, which the speaker had been taught. His personal experience has not been so deep or so vivid as to give his utterances the force of an inspiration. Surely no one accustomed to study of, and meditation upon, the utterances of seers and inspired teachers would find here what Mrs. Besant claims. They would find the message insipid and crude. Mrs. Besant has provided for such hostile judgment. She says: "The wise will prize it, the other-wise will do as they please." So be it. But, if this book is a fair sample of what is to be expected of Krishnamurti, he will not turn the world upside down.

Curiously, the next book to come to hand was also Indian in origin. I had not known Mr. Mukerji exactly in this field. Nothing that I had seen of his prepared me for "The Face of Silence."[3] As a piece of writing it is excellent; as a record of the life, the work and teaching of the holy man, Rama Krishna, it is impressive and stirring. India has produced, produces, and will produce, great teachers, mystics, men who have come into contact with that mysterious something which they consider supernatural, God. I do not understand that Mukerji claims himself to be a teacher, to have himself come into mystic communion with the supernatural. He may, or may not, have done so. In his book he appears merely as a seeker and transmitter of information regarding a man who lived a sincere and earnest life and left an abiding influence. Mukerji, after living abroad returned to India. He set himself to learn of Rama Krishna. He lived in the monastery with the brethren, visited the place where the master lived and taught, conversed with Turyananda who had known and loved the teacher. And Rama Krishna was a great teacher, one in frequent and long continued contact and communion with the supernatural. Where has there ever been a teacher so tolerant, so respectful of the work of others? Where has there been another who cared not to found a sect, to build a following which should bear his name? For Rama Krishna there was but one truth, one reality, but many paths. He himself tried different paths, but always found the same ending. "After experiencing the ecstacies promised by Vaishnavism (vishnu-worship) and Ramapantha (Rama-worship), Rama Krishna said: 'I went by two different roads, but found myself at the end before the same King.' Yet he maintained that he who calls God Rama must go on doing so, as must those who call him Vishnu, Jehova, Christ, or Nirvana." What teacher ever made a deeper impression on his disciples? What one was more consistent? The mysterious *touch* of the master, rarely practiced, never wasted, not only broke down resistance and tore away doubts and difficulties—it bound men to him through life. Such disciples were Vivekananda and Turyananda. It is a wonderful story, beautifully told. Mukerji is likely to write much more. He is still young. But he is little likely to ever do a finer piece of literature or to pay a sweeter tribute than he does in "The Face of Silence."

We have received three small books from the Phil-

(1) Historia de Mexico. Alfonso Toro. Mexico: 1926-7. Selfa. 3 vols. 8°. pp. 288, 464, 624.

(2) The Kingdom of Happiness. Jeddu Krishnamurti. New York: 1927. Boni & Liveright. 16°. pp. 112.

(3) The Face of Silence. Dhan Gopal Mukerji. New York: 1926. E. P. Dutton & Co. 16°. pp. 255.

ippine Education Company of Manila.[4] Two of them are by a Filipino teacher and are intended primarily for Filipino children. They are brief and simple biographs of Filipino patriots. They are calculated to develop appreciation of men who have been leaders in thought and action. Andres Bonifacio was the founder of the *Katipunan,* that famous secret society, the purpose of which was to rid the country of the oppressions of the friars and the Spanish rulers. It was the *Katipunan* which started the last revolution against Spain and led to the eventual founding of the Philippine Republic. Today, the 30th of November, anniversary of the birth of Andres Bonifacio, is observed as a national holiday in the Philippines. There are monuments to the memory of the man in various towns in the Islands. He was a man from the common people. Poverty prevented his securing much of a school training, but he was a great reader and became a writer of power. An orphan at fourteen years of age, he had to care for a sister and young brothers. He formed the *Katipunan* in 1892; he ordered the Independence uprising for August 29, 1896; he died in May, 1897, victim of jealousies and rivalries. Very different was the life of Marcelo Hilario del Pilar, well known under the pen name of *Plaridel,* an anigram of del Pilar. His parents were people of some consideration. Born in 1850, he was the youngest of ten children. He had the advantages of higher education, studying law in the University of Santo Tomas. He was not active in legal practice, soon drifting into journalism, which was his real life work. He was a fearless champion of the wronged and oppressed and a bold fighter against the religious orders and the governmental abuses in the Islands. In 1888 he was obliged to flee to Hongkong, whence he passed to Spain, settling in Madrid, where he died in 1896. In Madrid he was active in writing and editing, always seeking to bring about reforms in the administration of the Islands. He was a man of ability and brilliance—respected and admired not only by his own people but also by Spaniards of intelligence and position. We have spoken of these little biographies at some length because, while they were written for young Filipinos, they may well be read by ourselves. We should know more than we do of that galaxy of young Filipinos of whom Rizal was one—the only one whose name is at all known among Americans.

"Malacañang" is by an American. The "Palace" of the Governor-General is an interesting building and the Governor-General is a personage of whom we are sadly ignorant. The palace was acquired by the Spanish government in 1892. The author gives a description of the building, with details of its care, repair, experiences, damages and reconstructions from that time to the present. From 1802-1898 it was Spanish official property; from 1898 on it has been the residence of "the visible exponent of American sovereignty in these most westerly of America's possessions." After his description and history of the Palace, Mr. Seaver gives short biographical sketches not only of those Governors-General who have lived in the building, but of all from Miguel Lopez de Legaspi (1564) down to Leonard Wood. The list numbers more than one hundred, of whom twelve are Americans. A portrait of General Wood serves as frontispiece, and there are excellent pictures of the Malacañang Palace and of the new Executive Office. The book is a convenient manual of reference.

"Philippine History Stories"[5] is a school-reader for the fourth grade of Philippine schools. The author is Professor of History in the University of the Philippines and the author of various books, one of which ("A Brief History of the Philippines") has already been noticed in *The Study Table.* The book carries some evidence of having been "written down" to youthful readers; the author is at his best when writing for older students. He tells much that is interesting, and all that he tells should be known to the Philippine child. The book is strong in the emphasis given to individual heroes—who dreamed, worked, fought, sacrificed—and sometimes died—for their country. In these days hero-worship is a good deal at a discount. It still has a place. The best stimulus to high ideals and lofty achievement must come in the future, as it has come in the past, from the story and example of those who have gone before. It may fairly be asked whether the dearth of strong characters in the present is not due to the over-strenuous criticism and iconoclasm of the day.

FREDERICK STARR.

(4) **The Life of M. H. Del Pilar.** Aguedo Cagingin. 8°. pp. 24. **The Life of Andres Bonifacio.** Aguedo Cagingin. 8°. pp. 56. **Malacanang: the Residence of the Governor-General.** George Seaver. 8°. pp. 65. All from Philippine Education Co., Manila.

(5) **Philippine History Stories.** Leandro H. Fernandez. Yonkers-on-Hudson: 1925. World Book Co. 16°. pp. x. 156.

Correspondence

The International Service of America

Editor of UNITY:

There is no question that every statement which Mr. Holmes made in his article, published in this paper last April is correct. If the average American traveler in Europe believes that there is harmony among the different European nations due to the fact that the routine for generations has produced a smooth daily life, he is mistaken, because the underlying factors of the economic life are extremely disturbed.

Not only are the markets of most industries shot to pieces, but very few of the leading personalities have been able to acquire enough foresight and power of disposition to adjust themselves to the new conditions of the present day. The consequence is that the population is still living on old reserves, and therefore gets poorer year by year. The lack of comforts and accommodations is destroying their morale slowly but surely.

Every so often Europeans meet an American who has abundant cash due to the Dollar exchange. They read books published in their language about American men and American conditions which, owing to the fact that the author has a very limited experience or knowledge of actual conditions, are generally misleading. Therefore the hate or jealousy or at least distrust of the U. S. A. is very widely spread.

It is human to distrust everything which is not known to us. Consequently our main ambition should be to find ways and means of showing Europeans the real character of our social and economic life—our ideals. By doing this, we may help them to improve their own conditions. Of existing organizations in this country, there is none which can successfully fulfill this task.

"Service" has built up our modern American business organization. "Service" has built up our social organization. "Service" means *what can I do for you*—and this principle is today still unknown on the European continent. Therefore, if we want to make the European peoples friends of the U. S. A., it is advisable that we form "The International Service of America." Such an organization should be financed by public subscription and perform first of all the task of a publicity organization with centers in the leading European cities.

The managers of these centers would establish rela-

The Field

"The world is my country, to do good is my Religion."

GANDHI RELIEF FUND

UNITY has reported in recent issues the disastrous flood conditions prevailing in India. A fall of fifty inches of rain in four days over an area larger than Great Britain engulfed hundreds of villages, rendered over 500,000 people homeless, destroyed crops, cattle, and all means of livelihood. In Ahmedabad, Gandhi's home, over 5,000 houses were swept away and the people left destitute. Gandhi's famous school, the Ashram, was under water for days and all the buildings have been left in a precarious condition.

UNITY herewith appeals to its readers and friends for a Gandhi Relief Fund. Mr. S. O. Levinson, of Chicago, has started the Fund with a gift of $100.00. All money received at the UNITY office will be forwarded at once to Mr. Gandhi and acknowledged in this column.

Mr. S. O. Levinson, Chicago....	$100.00
Mrs. E. A. Cyrus, Quincy, Ill....	50.00
Amy G. Peakman, Sheldon, Iowa	2.00
Lilian Whalley, Sheldon, Iowa....	5.00
From California	1.00
Edna Labuhn Geeson, Detroit, Mich.	1.00
Annette Finnegan, Greenwich, Conn.	10.00

FRIDAY MORNING FORUM

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Friday Mornings at 10:30

PROGRAM

October 14, 1927, to March 30, 1928
Course Tickets, $5.00
Single Admission, 50 cents

October 14—Dr. Shirley Jackson Case
Why a New Life of Jesus?
Professor early Christian history and New Testament interpretation, University of Chicago. Author of "The Evolution of Early Christianity," "Jesus," etc.

October 21—Max Carl Otto
What is Man?
Philosophy Department, University of Wisconsin. Author "Things and Ideals," "Natural Laws and Human Hopes," etc.

October 28—Dr. Peter Manniche
The International People's College
Founder and director of above college at Helsinger, Denmark. In America until November 1st, under the auspices of The Institute of International Education.

November 4—E. Haldeman-Julius
The American Scene
Editor of the Little Blue Books, Big Blue Books, Haldeman-Julius Weekly, Haldeman-Julius Monthly, Haldeman-Julius Quarterly.

November 11—Stanley High
Mahatma Gandhi—Prophet or Politician?
Mr. High is returning from a 55,000 mile survey of the world. He sat with Gandhi while he spun his khaddar, went with him for his evening walk with the children of the country-side. He met Gandhi's followers and his foes all over India. It is important that Gandhi be accurately understood.

November 18—James Weldon Johnson
Negro Poets and Their Poetry, with readings from his own poetry
Distinguished poet and writer, formerly editor of the New York *Age*. Secretary of the National Association for the Advancement of the Colored People. Author "Autobiography of an Ex-colored Man," two volumes of American Negro Spirituals, "God's Trombones," etc.

November 25—No meeting

December 2—Kirby Page
Barriers to International Organization
Brilliant interpreter of national and international movements.

December 9—John Haynes Holmes
Has Marriage Any Future?
Prophet of the new social order. Minister of the Community Church, New York, and editor of UNITY.

December 16—Hon. Rhys J. Davies, M. P.
Personalities in British Politics
Under Secretary of State for Home Affairs in Ramsay MacDonald's Labor Cabinet. Now labor member of the House of Commons and has held the seat with a substantial majority at three succeeding general elections. An authority on criminology, social and industrial legislation, a writer of repute, and a brilliant speaker.

January 6—Jose Kelly
The Oil and Land Laws of Mexico
General delegate of the Mexican Federation of Labor. A thoroughly informed reporter of the Revolution and present situation in Mexico. Recognized as an authority on the Mexican Oil and Land Laws, Church Question, School Program, etc.

January 13—Jerome Davis
How Criminals Are Made
Head of Social Service Department of Yale University. Made survey of Russians in America in 1919, and investigated conditions in coal fields of West Virginia, 1923.

January 20—Norman Thomas
Coal, Super Power and National Well Being
Executive Director of the League for Industrial Democracy. An eloquent speaker on economic and international problems and a courageous defender of civil liberties.

January 27—Harry Overstreet
New Psychological Myths and Mythmakers
Head of Department of Philosophy at the College of the City of New York. Publicist and lecturer in the field of social philosophy and psychology.

February 3—S. L. Joshi
Causes of Misunderstanding Between Asia and America
Exchange professor from India to the

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tions with the European publishers, to correct and modify the multitudes of misleading statements which are continually published. At the same time, they should possess the qualifications to write articles themselves for European papers and economic questions in the light of our American experience. By doing this, the European people would soon learn to realize that it is really the intense struggle for life which has created and established American financial superiority, and that they can do the very same thing if they eliminate such handicaps as may have been established for generations.

Another very important item would be to present to the press an exchange of good photographs which explain and illustrate our system of producing and living better than words alone. Commercial photography is very little developed in Europe at present and therefore our pictures, full of action and detail, are admired a great deal.

It is true that in most of these countries the scientific institutions are just as good or better than ours. But America has developed one science all by itself—the science of life, the practical application of scientific laws to the daily life of production. Take, for example, the lecture charts and educational publications of the International Harvester Company. There is no country on the globe which could not use to the greatest advantage publications in the same style in large quantities. We have to keep before our eyes the fact that Europe will never be able to repay the money we sent to them, if we do not help them to enter the road of prosperity. By helping them we help ourselves. It is marvelous how we have advanced in changing the word competition into cooperation.

The leading tendency on the continent at present is fear, which produces instability. Therefore there are no markets, no progress. The consequences are high prices, lack of raw materials, high overhead expenses, stale conditions, stagnant life. Who cannot see that the "International Service of America" has its place, its function. It is not money that Europe needs, it is confidence, leadership, opportunities. There is no better investment, no greater mission before us than to expand the American "Service." Its reward will be great.

Chicago, Illinois J. E. UBER.

U. S. under the Carnegie Foundation; Chair of Comparative Religion, Dartmouth College. Prof. Joshi was the first Hindu graduate of Columbia University; is now senior professor of English literature in the State College, University of Bombay, India.

February 10—Samuel Guy Inman

Problems and Assets of Latin America
Secretary Commission on Cooperation with Latin America. Authority in the field of Pan-American relations and problems.

February 17—Dr. Meyer Solomon

Nervousness and Nervous Breakdowns; Their Nature and Causes, and the Struggle for Poise
Neurologist and psychiatrist; associate in neurology, Northwestern University Medical School; neurologist to Mt. Sinai, Lakeview, American and Washington Park Hospitals and Michael Reese Dispensary. Author of "The Mechanism of the Emotions."

February 24—Anna Louise Strong

China and Bolshevism
Author, traveler and lecturer. Dr. Strong has spent five years in Russia and at the time of this printing is traveling in the most troubled parts of China.

March 2—Frederick Starr

Nicaragua

March 9—Frederick Starr

The World Center
Dr. Starr will consider the Nicaragua case quite fully, but will branch out into whatever may be at the moment of greatest interest in Latin America. In his second lecture he will touch on what may seem most important and interesting in Asia.

March 16—Norman Angell

Can We Educate for Social Intelligence?
Norman Angell's last book, "The Public Mind," is being widely read and reviewed. The author will be heard gladly.

March 23—Program to be announced.

March 30—Social Luncheon

A fifty-cent luncheon is served after each meeting—a pleasant opportunity to meet old friends and make new ones.

THE ARBITRATOR PROTECTIVE COMPANY

Often in the United States there have been gangs of bandits who have terrorized whole communities. Jesse James, Leftie Louie, Monk Eastman were notorious. They robbed honest citizens, murdering when necessary, all for excitement and the love of money. They operated outside the law and every man's hand was against them.

Now there has arisen a gang of Boston Brahmins equally keen for their own security, so clever that they have invoked the majesty of the law to assist them in their acts of violence. For years they have persecuted foreigners and only this month, led by distinguished citizens, they have completed the torturing process by sending two innocent men (Sacco and Vanzetti) to their death. With the Brahmins sitting on the judicial bench and occupying gubernatorial and presidential chairs, the only seat left for radicals is the electric chair.

Everyone is in danger who has ever run like a foreigner, or torn his cap on a factory nail, or looked like a man who drove a car, or held a new political theory. No one is safe who construes literally the provision for free speech in the Constitution of the United States. One who demands a shorter working day may be electrocuted; joining an unpopular political party may lead to the hangman's noose. Europe stands aghast at the decline of American democracy.

These exalted Americans have inaugurated anti-American principles. They believe men guilty until proved innocent; they credit only witnesses for the prosecution; they consider prejudice in judge and jury justifiable when there is not sufficient real evidence to convict; they insist that each judge shall pass upon his own errors with no court to review the facts. They read testimony and distort it; they call white black; they do not understand the English language. In fact, they are not rational beings.

Against this dangerous gang protection is needed. The Arbitrator Protective Company has been inaugurated to defend radicals against the Boston Brahmins and similar gangs that will undoubtedly spring up now that success has crowned the latest efforts to overthrow the Constitution. This new company will provide certified alibi witnesses to accompany radicals during the course of every day and night. These escorts will be 100 per cent American, for no foreigners are credited under existing law. They will keep memorandums of every visit to consulates and other places; they will see that no caps are lost or cartridges found. They will accompany radicals when selling fish or working in a factory, but they will avoid all cumulative evidence.

The Protective Company's attorneys will endeavor to have substituted for the present college presidents new men who will consistently follow in their actions the logic they teach in classrooms. They will seek to purge our courts and colleges of prejudiced Nordics intellectually dishonest. They will inaugurate due process of justice as well as due process of law. They will allay the rising dissatisfaction that turns conservatives into tyrants and liberals into reds. They will uphold the best spirit of America.

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